

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT "MERCURY" was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and contains more than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 255, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffrey, President; Fred Hall, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees, Charles D. Dudley, Commander; Charles S. Grundall, Record Keeper; meets 2d and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTED, No. 873, FORESTERS OF AMERICA, Alexander Nicoll, Chief Ranger; Robert Johnstone, Recording Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

NEWPORT CAMP, No. 2677, M. W. A., James W. Wilson, Ven. Comit; Charles S. Packer, Clerk. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James Sullivan, President; David McIntosh, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W., George E. Swan, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets second and fourth Wednesdays.

MALONE LODGE, No. 89, N. E. O. P., T. F. Allan, Warden; Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians, meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., George Russell, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder; meets first Fridays.

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Local Matters.

For Double Track Service.

The city council committee on streets and highways gave a hearing at the city hall Tuesday evening on the petitions of the Newport & Providence and Old Colony Street Railway Companies for the laying of crossovers at the One Mile corner so that the two tracks on Broadway can be used in common. There was a small attendance and the hearing lasted only a few minutes. No objection was raised and the city council at the meeting Tuesday will undoubtedly vote to grant the petitions.

The Newport and Providence Railway already has permission to put in the cross-over at the city hall, so that when this work is finished there will be complete double track service from Bull street to the One Mile corner.

Superintendent Jones of the new road stated yesterday that it would be three months before the company could construct cross-overs, even if it is done at all.

Arrangements have been made to cut out the passenger traffic by steamboat between Newport and Providence for the winter. A freight boat will leave Providence for Newport at 2 o'clock and from Newport will go to Fall River where it will remain over night. The trip from Fall River to Providence will be made in the morning. This boat will carry passengers when they wish to go.

The Republican Regiment is coming on Sunday. The organizers met at Bryan's Exchange on Tuesday evening and reported the results of their efforts to form companies. At that time there were twelve practically full companies reported, and it looks as if the regiment would be a large one. The members are being measured for uniforms and will be fully equipped in a short time.

Miss Rebecca W. Greene died at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard Greene, on Ledyard place on Wednesday, after suffering for some time from typhoid fever. Miss Greene and her mother were stricken at about the same time, and the mother is still very ill.

A chauffeur named Percy Ford has been fined \$17.50 for overspeeding an automobile near the police station. The occupants of the machine stated that it was necessary to put on speed to avoid striking another vehicle.

Rev. and Mrs. H. N. Jeter have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lillian Susan Jeter, to Rev. Taylor M. Davis of Philadelphia. The wedding will take place at the Shiloh Baptist church on December 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Harwood E. Read, Jr., are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son on the 27th instant.

Mr. Royal Sauborn left Thursday night for Pittsburgh where he has secured a position in the Westinghouse Electric Manufacturing Company.

Two young boys have been arrested for stealing money and have been turned over to the care of the probation officer.

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Over the Border

By...
ROBERT
BARR.
Author of "Jennie Baxter,
Journalist," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

ON Monday there were ever increasing rumors through the town that Charles had signed the bill which would send his chief minister to the block, qualified by statements equally vague that he had done nothing of the sort. But as night drew on the rising jubilation of the crowds in the streets gave point to the more sinister report. In the evening, his usual time of calling, the somber Volland came to the inn, chiefly, as he said, to urge the girl to quit the turbulent city, where she could accomplish nothing and where she might be in danger were it once guessed that she bore any relationship to the condemned man, but to this good counsel the girl would not listen.

What she demanded impatiently was news, news, news, and this, with exasperating deliberation, Volland gave forth. It was quite true that the bill was signed, not by the king's hand, but by the hands of four commissioners whom he had appointed for that purpose. The house of lords and even the house of commons was amazed at this betrayal, said Volland, and the effect of the announcement had been seen on the populace itself, for after certainty came home to the people they had dispersed quietly to their houses, and the streets were almost empty.

The girl was mute with dismay, but Volland pointed out that the case was in reality no worse than it had been on Saturday or Sunday. By the exercise of his prerogative the king could at any moment free his minister or mitigate the sentence, notwithstanding the fact that the commission had signed the bill of attainder in his name.

Tuesday seemed to bear out these surmises. Frances determined to see the king once more and learn from his own lips the fate of her father, but when she reached Whitehall she found some commotion there, for Charles was taking his departure from the palace, and people said he was on his way to the house of lords and that it was likely he had determined to let Strafford go.

In the evening she learned authoritatively the object of the king's visit to the house of lords. He had planned earnestly for the life of his minister, promising if he were released never again to employ him even in the meanest capacity. He implored them at least to grant a reprieve until Saturday, and this was so small a favor for a king to ask that Volland was sure it would be granted and that many things might happen in the intervening days. The confidence of man so generally despising us Volland in the certainty of a short reprieve and in the ultimate safety of Lord Strafford did much to bring the girl to a like belief, but she resolved nevertheless to see the king next day if she could win her way into Whitehall palace.

Wednesday saw no excitement on the streets. People were going soberly about, each on his own affairs, and the reprieve had provoked no outburst, which in itself was a hopeful sign. Frances had grown to fear the hue and cry of the mob even more than she feared the indecision of the king. If he were left untried, all his tendency was toward mercy and the keeping of his oath.

There was no crowd to distract the attention of the guard at the palace gates opening on Whitehall, and they absolutely refused to grant her admission without an order. She turned to the captain of the guard and asked how such an order could be obtained, and that official, apparently struck by her youth and beauty as well as her evident distress, said that if she knew any one about the court who might be sent for and who proved willing to vouch for her he would allow her to pass. But the rule at the gate was strict because of past disturbances, and he had no option but refusal unless she went in under the convoy of some one in authority. Frances pondered a few moments and hesitated, but her need was great, and she could not choose when it came to finding security. At last she said, with reluctance:

"I am acquainted with M. De Courcy. Is he within?"

"I do not know, but 'twill be speedily ascertained."

With that he invited her to a seat in the guardhouse and sent a messenger for De Courcy, knowing there would be prompt response when the Frenchman learned that a beautiful lady awaited him, and in this he was not mistaken. De Courcy came as debonair and as well groomed as dashing his hat with a grand air when he saw who his petitioner was.

"I wish to see his majesty again," said Frances, rising, "but they detain me at the gate, and I have no one to vouch for me unless you will be so kind, though I am sorry to trouble you."

To pleasure me, mademoiselle, you must know. 'Tis an engalant country, as I have always sold, when they keep so fair a maid a-waiting. Such a hoarish act is not conceivable in France. Most honored am I to be your squire, and it gratifies me to tell you that the king is at present disengaged. I beg you to accompany me."

The friend of the queen did not even trouble to make any explanation to the captain of the guard, and he was too powerful a courtier to have anything he did questioned by the underlings. It was palpable that the officer had small liking for him, but wholesome fear of his influence in high places.

As the two crossed the yard together the young man held with the greatest affability:

"Would you prefer to see the king alone or in company?"

"Oh, alone, if it be possible."

"Quite possible. I shall delight in arranging a private interview and assure his majesty will not refuse my request. If you do not wish to meet any of the court I can take you to him by a private route where we are almost certain to encounter none."

"I shall be deeply indebted to you."

They threaded their way through devious and labyrinthian passages, turning now to the right, now to the left, sometimes ascending a few steps and sometimes a narrow stairway, until at last the guide came to a door, which he pushed open.

"If you will wait here for a moment, I will go and fetch the king." He bowed gracefully as she passed through the doorway, entering a square room, the walls of which were decorated by groups of swords and rapiers of various sorts; a veritable armory. A table occupied the center, and there were several chairs, with a lounge against the wall. A door opened upon an inner room. De Courcy, instead of taking his departure, stepped in quickly after the girl, closed the door, and turned the key in the lock. With the grating of the key came the first suspicion to the mind of Frances that her guide was treacherous. Much as she had always distrusted him, it seemed incredible that, knowing her to be the daughter of the Earl of Strafford, anything disastrous might befall her here in the very palace of the king, the sworn protector of his people. The leer on De Courcy's face and his words speedily disillusioned her.

"If you will be seated, my dear, we may have some converse, interesting and entertaining to us both. You can scarcely imagine my joy at seeing so lovely a visitor in my poor apartments."

"Sir, you said you would bring the king. A gentleman keeps his word."

"Oh, the king in good time, my pretty one. Charles is but a doleful companion just now, and we are well quit of him. As for a man's word, the fashion seems to be the breaking of it, example being set us poor gentlemen in the highest places. For instance, our last dissension related to marriage, but times have changed since that day, and you will not be so cruel as to expect me to carry out the good domestic intentions I then expressed."

"Sir, I am very glad I shall hear no more of them."

"Truly? Then so much the better. I expected tears and reproaches, but am pleased you are not given to complaining. By my honor, I love you the more for it. So, then, I'll steal a kiss from those ripe lips to seal the new compact we are to make, and I warn you that a scream is not likely to be heard from this chamber."

"I need not your warning. You shall neither hear me scream nor see me weep."

"By St. Denis, I like your spirit. Some scream and some weep, but they all end by crying."

"Sir, a warning for your warning. Approach not another step nearer me. Stand aside, rather, and allow me quietude of this place as freely as I ignorantly came hither."

"And if I cannot consent?"

"Then 'twill be the worse for you."

"You spur an inclination already highly mettled. Still would I treat you with all courtesy. You are a nameless woman, and many of the highest dames in England are proud to call me their friend."

"Indeed!" cried De Courcy, with a laugh, as he possessed himself of a similar weapon to that which threatened him. "It's already squandered, and I am in sore need of a further installment. Are you for a duel, then?"

"If you are coward enough to fit blade to a woman."

"I meet kiss with kiss and steel with steel, always ready for either. Guard yourself, madam."

During this dialogue the participants had been constantly changing their positions, De Courcy advancing and Frances retreating, keeping the table between them. The girl's design was plain enough. She desired to hold him in conversation, gradually shifting her position, until she got between him and the door, when a sudden dash might give her freedom. But he easily foiled this design and laughed at her checkmate. At her last words, however, he drew himself upright, a look of genuine amazement overspreading his face.

"When he is free!" he echoed. "Powers of heaven! Then you have not come to reproach the king, but to plead with him!"

"Why should I reproach him?"

"It would surely be useless enough, but feminine. Why? Because Gregory Brandon, with one good stroke, severed the king's word and Strafford's neck on Tower hill this morning."

The girl's face went white as the kerchief about her throat, and swaying half an instant, she leaned against the table for support. Something in the brutal method of the announcement convinced her of its truth more surely than if he had spoken with all the solemnity of which he might be capable. Yet she struggled not to be overtaken.

"You are lying to me," she gasped.

"For from it, my little lady. How could I imagine you did not know? You are surely the only person in London who is ignorant of it. Why is everything so quiet near Whitehall, where the generous citizens have been so solicitous about us of late? Merely because the center of interest has changed to the other end of the town, and a rare show was put on the stage for all good people to see, free of cost to themselves, unless they have the brains to know of what they are bereft by Strafford's death, which is most

unlikely."

As he spoke he had been edging toward her, catlike, but she paid no heed to him. Then with a spring he caught her wrists, but she did not move or make any effort to free herself. She looked dully at him, as if wondering why he acted so.

"You will be pleased to withdraw yourself, sir, and let me go. My heart is broken."

She spoke with forced calmness, but there was tremor in her tone that cast doubt on her former assertion regarding the tears.

"Your heart is not broken, and if it is not, it is for you. Absurd! Why, you knew the man for scarce a day, and that time is full short for the growth of any huge affection."

"I shall never love any as I have loved him."

"Tush! How little you know of yourself. You are a very goddess of love, and that time is full short for the growth of any huge affection."

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ESTABLISHED IN PROVIDENCE IN 1790.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Home Telephone 1040

Saturday, October 1, 1904.

The Nautical Preparatory School, with headquarters in Providence, has failed, and a receiver has been appointed and put in charge of the schoolship Pennsylvania, now lying off Bristol. The lack of students and patronage is the cause of the failure.

Providence is having an epidemic of incendiary fires. The third lumber yard fire within a week occurred Wednesday night. This was the Hovey Lumber Company on South Main street. The city officials are very much aroused over these numerous fires.

The Republican State Convention will be held in Providence on Wednesday, October 12th. It is expected that Speaker Cannon of the National House of Representatives will be present and address the convention. It is intended to have several Republican speakers of national reputation in this state before the campaign is over. The caucuses in this city will be held next week.

The Judge of a justice court in Massachusetts has stirred up an international contest by hauling up a British law breaker who is exempt from punishment by local law from the fact that he is a member of John Bull's legation to this country. The judge was probably wrong in administering punishment, but the man had broken the State law and no doubt deserved punishment. It may cost the young man his position before the episode is ended.

President Meilen, of the New Haven road says that the plan of cutting the time between New York and Boston to four and one half hours has never been contemplated. "The railroad is making extensive improvements to its bridges, especially on the main line. There are the improvements at Cos Cob, Saybrook on the Thames, and at Windsor Locks, for instance; and it is extremely likely that the running time over the main line will be lengthened, rather than shortened temporarily."

One O'Connor was compelled to pay his poll tax in the city of Pawtucket. He writes a letter to Gov. Garvin who replies in his characteristic manner telling O'Connor he has a real grievance, that the law is bad which compels him to pay a poll tax, that the assessors of Pawtucket are bad, wicked men, and advises him to join in a crusade against the law and its enforcement. This sounds well for the executive head of the State, whose duty it is to enforce the laws we find them, and not plot with a law-breaker to overthrow them.

The reports that come from the Westall show that the Roosevelt sentiment is growing rapidly in that region. Parker was not the choice of the Democrats of the great West. He was nominated to please New York and the members of that party in the great middle and far west are not yet reconciled to the slight given them. Throughout Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Iowa, Montana, Oregon, California and the entire West Roosevelt will not only poll the full Republican vote, but he will get the support of many Democrats. The Democrats recognizing this condition, have given up the canvass in the West. Not even Indiana or Wisconsin are to be contested by the Democrats except in the most perfunctory way. However, the Republicans will not be lulled into any feeling of security by the Democrats' despondency. The Republicans will make a canvass in every Western state which will recall the days when many of those states were in serious doubt. The object is not to win by a small lead, but to roll up a majority which will be memorable for its dimensions.

Garvin Again.

Governor Lucius F. C. Garvin and ex-Lieutenant Governor Adelard Archambault will again be the head of the Democratic ticket in this state, their nomination being made at the Democratic State Convention on Thursday. All was quiet, no enthusiasm, not much shouting, and, for a wonder, not much fighting—that is after the noisy young Sullivan had been suppressed by his own adherents. This irrepressible young legal light was as usual looking for trouble and in this instance wanted to subordinate the interests of the party to his personal ambitions but was suppressed by some of the men with sense.

There was some squabbling over the seating of delegates from wards where there was a contest and several delegations were thrown out. After that matters were quiet and serene and although the delegations tried hard to entice the effort was vain. A platform was adopted supporting Judge Parker, Governor Garvin, etc., and condemning Senator Aldrich and things Republican.

The following were nominated for state offices: Governor, Lucius F. C. Garvin; Lieutenant Governor, Adelard Archambault; Secretary of State, John H. Keeler of East Greenwich; Attorney General, George T. Brown of Providence; General Treasurer, Edmund Walker of South Kingstown. The Presidential electors are John W. Davis of Pawtucket, David S. Baker of Providence, Hamilton Fish Webster of Newport and James E. Sullivan of Providence.

In the First District Convention J. Stacy Brown of Newport presided and D. L. D. Granger was nominated for member of Congress.

Second Baptist Church.

Rev. J. Chester Hyde, pastor. Morning worship at 10:45, subject: "A Noble Succession." Bible school at 12:15 p.m., lesson: "Elijah Succeeded by Elijah." 11 Kings 21:12-22. Junior Y. P. S. C. E. at 3 p.m., subject: "Temperance." Evening worship at 7:30, subject: "Intercession." In the series of evening subjects on "Regeneration."

Munday evening the Newport District of the Rhode Island Sunday School Association will meet in the vestry of the Second Baptist Church to listen to the report of the committee of Sunday School superintendents of the district on the ways and means for the institution of a Teacher's Training Course in this city as a centre.

The Farther Lights will meet at the parsonage Tuesday evening at 7:45 and all the ladies of the congregation are invited to be present. Mid week conference and prayer service Wednesday evening in the vestry at 7:45. Social and entertainment and sale at the house of Bro. John R. Caswell Thursday evening at 7:45 p.m. Y. P. S. C. E. Friday at 7:45 p.m., subject: "An honorary member's meeting (Business Meeting), Miss M. C. Albro, leader.

Middletown.

Mr. James T. Peckham is having a new barn erected 36 by 33 feet on his farm on Wapping Road.

Mr. Barclay Hazard has recently purchased the milk route and herd of 34 cows owned by Mr. William Caswell. Mr. Herbert Peckham, who is in charge of Mr. Hazard's farm at Sachuest Neck, will conduct the milk route commanding Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Johnson are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

The Rev. and Mrs. James P. Conover and family have closed the Coh Cottage on Indian Avenue and returned to Concord, N. H., where Mr. Conover is an instructor at St. Paul's School.

Earle S. Peckham, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham, met with a severe fall from his wheel Wednesday morning while on his way to school. He was picked up unconscious in which state he remained the most of the day. It was found that his head was hurt and his collar bone broken.

Madame Marie Le Bel Bonat of Philadelphia, who has been spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grinnell, has recently purchased the "orchard lot" of six acres, opposite the Berkley Memorial Chapel on Indian avenue.

The award of school tickets, offered by the Newport County Fair for perfect lessons and behavior, has been given to the following children. At the Oliphant school, Everett Bailey and Nellie Paquin; Witherbee, Molly Campbell, Edith Bath and Benjamin Peckham, Jr.; Wyatt, Susanna L. Allou and George L. Sisson; Paradise, Harriet Barker and Etta Brown; Peabody, Claribel Grinnell and Russell Anthony.

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Miss Beth Peckham left Wednesday for Cambridge where she will be joined by Miss Jessie Farnum of Peru, Vt., former teacher at the Peabody school. Miss Peckham and Miss Farnum are to enter Radcliffe College the former for a general course and the latter to continue the study of mathematics. Miss Peckham was accompanied by her nephew, Mr. Joseph Farnum, who re-enters the Harvard dental school.

Portsmouth.

Extensive improvements are being made on the Slocum farm and land recently purchased by Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt. The house has been demolished and a new one is to be erected; a large new addition is being put on the barn and macadam driveways are being built. The estate is to be devoted to stock breeding and will be occupied and managed by Mr. Wilson.

Several meetings have been held by those desirous of forming a cavalcade in the town and it is hoped to get a larger number interested. The services of two mounted buglers have already been secured.

Mrs. Herbert Chass and her son, Mr. H. Manton Chase, of Portsmouth, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Chase and their son James R. Chase of Middletown, are enjoying a two weeks' trip to Littleton, N. H. Mr. Manton Chase's rural free delivery route is in charge of Manuel Brazil during his absence.

Jamestown.

The regular meeting of the town council and court of probate was held on Monday. Several estates were passed upon, and the town council transacted considerable business. It was voted not to use the McTamaney voting machine at the coming election. The town council will meet as a board of canvassers at the town clerk's office on October 12, at 5:30 p.m. for the purpose of canvassing the voting lists.

Election of Officers.

Benjamin B. Gardner Commander, No. 6 Knights Templar.

Eminent Commander—Lewis Lee. Generalissimo—Ollie M. Mitchell. Captain General—George Jones. Prelate—William H. Agys. Senior Warden—Carl Joseph. Junior Warden—Henry Reed. Treasurer—Samuel Brown. Recorder—Aaron C. Buchanan. Standard Bearer—Stephen D. Gaines. Sword Bearer—George Seaford. Warden—James A. Harris. Sentinel—Henry Graham.

Webster's International Dictionary has long been regarded as the one standard on the English language. It is the one authority to which all questions of spelling, etc., are referred. Its position is secure. Consequently the new edition which is announced by the publishers, C. & G. Merriam of Springfield, will be warmly welcomed. Many new words which have come into common use since the last edition, have been added and the book is full and complete in every respect.

"Have you a two-cent stamp?" asked the lady in the drug store.

"No, ma'am," replied the clerk; "but we have something just as good. Here are two one-cent stamps."—The Young Statesman.

Washington Sisters.

The President's Return to Washington—Other Notables are Gathering at the Capital—American Goods Abroad—Notes—(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 24, 1904. A large and enthusiastic crowd surrounded the depot in this city on Thursday evening last to greet the President, who arrived about seven o'clock with his wife and family.

Speaking of the accident which occurred to his train in Baltimore, he said it was slight, and that if all his troubles were as small he would get along beautifully. A series of receptions and entertainments will at once begin at the White House, as many notable foreigners are in town. The most conspicuous of these is the dinner to be given this evening to the Archbishop of Canterbury, his wife and suite. As this gentleman has in England the right of precedence next after the royal family, he will sit at table on the right hand of the President, while Mrs. Archbishop will be at the right of Mrs. Roosevelt. The members of the Cabinet who are in town will attend, also the Ambassadors, the Bishop of Washington, and others. All the evangelical clergy of the city have been invited to hear the Archbishop Sunday afternoon at the Cathedral close. An audience of 20,000 is expected. As the grounds are some distance from the city, and the electric cars can carry but 4,000 passengers an hour, the procession of carriages and pedestrians will be immense.

Passor Wagner of Paris, the popular author, who is soon to be the President's guest, is five years older than Mr. Roosevelt. He is robust, corpulent, and gray. He says he finds the health in America, also. He came to this country because he thinks he has a call. He believes the people of the United States are fast losing the sense of simplicity necessary to saving spirituality. He adds that what a man is able to do is obligatory to do. He couples Franklin, Lincoln and Roosevelt together as the greatest Americans. To your correspondent he said: "I adore your strapping country for its youthful vigor, courage, directness and optimism, but I adore it especially for its splendid liberty of thought, speech and action. I want to observe the workings of your abounding liberties as close range. I want to study at first hand every phase of your phenomenal civilization from top to bottom. I need to steep myself in what is large, generous, hearty, downright and free in your national existence."

Along with the President many other notable people are returning to the national capital. Among these are the Government "scientists" filled to the brim with adventures and studies, which will see the light in forthcoming bulletins and winter evening lectures at the clubs. Dr. Tilton of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, has returned from a long and arduous trip among the lofty mountains of Alaska. He went to that land of snow and storm to supervise the marking of the international boundary as defined by the recent treaty with Great Britain. He says it will take a long time to set up all the posts, as the line is 1,200 miles long, the summers are short, much rain falls, and sometimes the tops of the mountains are hidden by mist for weeks. Often he met mountain streams which were impassable. He wished to have a clear skyline twenty feet wide through the dense woods, along the boundary, but found that this was impossible of accomplishment, as many of the fir trees are eight feet in diameter. He smiles when asked if there is any danger of the timber supply being exhausted.

The forestry problem in Alaska is how to get rid of the trees. Dr. L. C. Howard, of kissing bug and mosquito fame, passed a portion of the summer in Arizona, studying the varieties of the cactus plant in that territory, and the nature of the insect life. He has not yet given names to all the new insects nor fully decided which is the best tactics for cultivation, or to what use it can be put. A new fiber plant may be one of the results of his trip. The discovery has been made in England that rami is the coming fiber plant, and will be a cheap substitute for cotton. One of the problems before the Department of Agriculture is the perfection of a machine for extracting the fiber from the rami.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Barker

DEATH OF HOAR

Distinguished Statesman Passes
Away at Worcester Home

THE END WAS PEACEFUL

Members of His Family Present
During His Last Moments--
Had Been Unconscious For
Some Time Before Death

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 30.—George Frisbie Hoar, senior United States senator from Massachusetts, died at his home in this city at 1:35 o'clock this morning.

The end followed a period of unconsciousness that had continued since early Tuesday and came so gently that only the attending physicians were aware of the exact moment of dissolution. The attending physicians dispensed of the senator's life six weeks ago, but such was the vitality exhibited by their patient that even they were surprised and the public was at times led to cherish a faith in an ultimate recovery.



SENATOR GEORGE P. HOAR

During the last hours there was not a movement of the body and only a scarcely perceptible pulse gave evidence of the dual struggle. There were present at the bedside when death came the senator's son, Rockwood Hoar, his daughter, Mary Hoar, and Dr. Gilman, who for weeks has been in almost constant attendance upon the senator.

George Frisbie Hoar was born at Concord, Mass., Aug. 29, 1820. After a preparatory course at Concord academy, he entered Harvard university, and was graduated in 1844. Then engaging in the study of the law, he took the regular course at the Harvard law school, and after graduation with the degree of LL.B., he began the practice of his profession at Worcester.

In 1842 he served as a member of the legislature and in 1857 as a member of the senate. In 1860 he was appointed city solicitor of Worcester and president of the trustees of the city library.

He was elected in 1868 to the Forty-first congress and re-elected to the three following congresses, declining renomination for the Forty-fifth congress. His service in the house was especially distinguished by his efforts for the passage of the education bill prepared by him as chairman of the committee on education and labor. His service in the house on the committee on elections was also especially notable. The reports prepared by him are cited as of the highest authority in England as well as in this country in determining the law in contested election cases.

He presided over the Republican state conventions of 1871, 1877, 1882 and 1885, and was a delegate to the National Republican conventions of 1876, 1880, 1884 and 1888, presiding over the convention of 1880.

He was elected to the United States senate to succeed George S. Boutwell, taking his seat March 5, 1877, and re-elected in 1882, 1888, 1894 and 1900.

The position of minister to England was offered to Mr. Hoar by President Hayes and by President McKinley. These Mr. Hoar declined.

In the consideration of all questions affecting the elections of senators and their rights to their seats, Mr. Hoar had taken a leading part, while matters relating to the judiciary had also, especially in recent years, received his special attention. The federal election law, which was the leading public question for a time in 1890, was usually championed by Mr. Hoar, whose committee had it in charge. The national bankruptcy bill was also under his immediate direction in the senate. In fact, in the framing of constructive legislation, Mr. Hoar may be said to have had as prominent a part in this service in the senate as any man in that body.

Mr. Hoar was singularly amiable and exemplary in private life. He married, in 1853, Miss Mary Louisa Spurr of Worcester, who died a few years later, leaving a son, Rockwood, and a daughter, Mary. In 1862 he married Miss Ruth Ann Miller, who died a short time ago. His beautiful Worcester home contains one of the finest private libraries in America, selected by Mr. Hoar with scholarly taste and judgment.

Rev. Mr. G. E. Brown of Worcester, Mass., is dead. He was associated with the Notre Dame church for 31 years. He was born in Canada in 1841.

A seaman of the barge J. B. Walker, named Hanson, fell from between decks to the lower hold while the vessel was near Handkerchief Shoal, Mass., and was instantly killed.

The opening exercises in celebration of the 175th anniversary of the town of Bedford, Mass., were held in the ancient meeting house in the presence of a large audience.

A passenger train was derailed by striking a cow near Madison, Me., and the engine and tender went down an embankment.

CIGAR STAMP ACT

Controversy Settled by President and Secretary Shaw

IMPORTERS' TRADEMARK

It Must Be Placed on Bottom of Cigar Boxes Hereafter, Instead of the Top--Not the Government's Business to Advertise

Washington, Sept. 30.—The secretary of the treasury has issued a statement in the imported cigar stamp matter in which he permits the order made by Assistant Secretary Armstrong to stand, so far as it relates to reducing the size of the stamp and to attaching it to a less conspicuous place on the box. He reverses the order wherein it required the stamp to be of the same color as the internal revenue stamp and it will be placed on the bottom of the box instead of the top, but at the end where it now appears opposite the internal revenue stamp.

Secretary Shaw had been kept advised of the progress of proceedings with reference to the customs stamp case and copies of papers filed in the case had been from time to time forwarded to him. After the hearing before the acting secretary last Saturday, Mr. Taylor made a concise summary of the arguments for the consideration of the secretary, who took up the matter on his return yesterday and, after an interview with the president, made a decision. In his statement, the secretary said:

"The testimony establishes the fact that the present stamp is used as a trademark by the cigar importers; that this trademark is valuable to them and confers an advantage upon them as against the manufacturers of cigars in the United States; and that cigars are, in effect, the only commodity imported into the United States that receives the benefit of such a trademark. In view of the fact that this government stamp, in its present form, undoubtedly gives a peculiar advantage to those using it, it seems that the order already issued by the department is, in its essence, proper."

"The government's business is to collect the revenue, and to provide so far as possible against fraud; but it is not the government's business to furnish a guaranty in the form of a trademark for the benefit of the goods. This should be left in the tobacco business exactly as it is in all other business."

"The result of the decision will protect the domestic manufacturer from a customs stamp available as an advertisement, and it protects the importer also by giving him a stamp of a distinctive color, which can be seen by the purchaser if he cares to make examination."

The secretary has given orders that new plates be prepared for printing the stamps, and for placing them upon the boxes of imported cigars.

Alleged Attempt to Murder

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 28.—James Pas was held in \$1000 for a hearing Oct. 4, by the local court on a charge of attempting to murder Charles H. Cutter, a special police officer of Dracut, when the officer attempted to stop the man and a companion from shooting birds. Cutter will recover from his wounds unless blood-poisoning should develop.

General Chadwick Drowned

Barnstable, Mass., Sept. 26.—General W. P. Chadwick was drowned in the channel of Harbor Heights while bathing. General Chadwick was about 40 years old, unmarried and a resident of Exeter, N. H., where, as managing trustee of Phillips-Exeter Academy, he had direct charge of the business affairs of that institution.

From \$10,000,000 to \$29,000

New Haven, Sept. 20.—The administrator's report on the estate of Wilson Waddingham, the ranch owner who died in the west, has been presented in the probate court. There is \$20,000 in hand to pay claims approximating \$600,000. Not many years ago Waddingham was rated to be worth as much as \$10,000,000.

Yale Freshmen Victorious

New Haven, Sept. 20.—The annual wrestling match between sophomores and freshmen of Yale was held last night on the campus. As heretofore the rush was managed by the senior class. The freshman class won the lightweight and the middleweight bouts, the sophomores securing the heavyweight bout.

Found Dead in Woods

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 28.—The badly decomposed body of Francis Clancy, missing since Sept. 8, was found yesterday afternoon in a lonely spot in Westford. He was identified by his clothing. He is believed to have wandered away and to have become lost. He was 78 years old.

Domestic Troubles and Suicide

Athol, Mass., Sept. 28.—Despondent, it is believed, over domestic troubles, William Tyler, 31, unmarried, ended his life by shooting. He was found lying upon the floor of his home, a charge of shot having passed through his heart.

Wreck on Iron Mountain Road

St. Louis, Sept. 28.—A passenger train on the St. Louis and Iron Mountain road known as the Hot Springs road was ditched near Piedmont, and 25 persons injured.

Elias L. Pratt, who for more than 40 years has been connected with the building department of the New Haven road, has tendered his resignation as superintendent of the department, because of poor health.

At a meeting of the Marlboro, Mass., common council it was voted that bonds to the amount of \$25,000 be issued for the erection of an armory in that city.

A Matter of Health

There is a quality in Royal Baking Powder which makes the food more digestible and wholesome. This peculiarity of Royal has been noted by physicians, and they accordingly endorse and recommend it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

PARKER'S LETTER

CONNECTICUT LAUNCHED
Workman Relieves the Mind of Those Superstitiously Inclined

Presidential Candidate Gives Views on National Issues**FAITH IN GOLD STANDARD**

For Revision of Tariff and Freedom for Filipinos--Favors Liberal Pensions for Surviving Soldiers and Sailors--Reform in Expenditures Needed--Imperialism Denounced

Esopus, N. Y., Sept. 20.—Alton B. Parker's letter accepting the Democratic nomination for the presidency says:

I wish again to refer to my views previously expressed as to the gold standard, to declare again my unqualified belief in said standard and to express my appreciation of the action of the convention in reply to my communication upon that subject.

The issue of imperialism which has been thrust upon the country involves a decision whether the law of the land or the rule of individual caprice shall govern. The principle of imperialism may give rise to brilliant, startling, dazzling results, but the principle of democracy holds in check the brilliant executive and subjects him to the sober, conservative control of the people.

Tariff reform is one of the cardinal principles of the Democratic faith, and the necessity for it was never greater than at the present time. It should be undertaken at once in the interest of all our people.

In the words of our platform we demand "revision and a gradual reduction of the tariff by the friends of the masses, and for the common weal, and not by the friends of its abuses, its extortions and discriminations."

I am in hearty accord with that plank in our platform that favors doing for the Filipinos what we have already done for the Cubans, and I favor making the promise to them now that we shall take such action as soon as they are reasonably prepared for it.

The Democratic party stands committed to the principle of civil service reform and demands its just and impartial enforcement.

An Isthmian canal has long been the hope of our statesmen and the avowed aim of the two great parties, as their platforms in the past show. The Panama route having been selected, the building of the canal should be pressed to completion with all reasonable expedition.

Our commerce in American bottoms amounts to but 8 percent of our total exports and imports. It is an arduous task to undo the effect of 40 years of decadence and requires the study and investigation of those best fitted by experience to find the remedy, which surely does not lie in the granting of subsidies wrung from the pockets of all the taxpayers.

Recent disclosures, coupled with the rapid augmentation of government expenditures, show a need of an investigation of every department of the government. A Democratic congress and executive will assure it.

We are justly proud of the officers and men of our army and navy. Both, however, have suffered from the persistent infection of personal and political influence. These and other abuses should be corrected.

The national Democracy favors liberal pensions to the surviving soldiers and sailors and their dependents on the ground that they deserve liberal treatment. It pledges by its platform adequate legislation to that end. But it denies the right of the executive to usurp the power of congress to legislate on that subject.

There is not a sentence in the Republican platform recommending a reduction in the expenditures of the government, nor a line suggesting that the increase in the cost of the war department from \$34,000,000 in 1886 to \$115,000,000 in 1904 should be inquiry into, and not a paragraph calling for a thorough investigation of those departments of the government in which dishonesty has been recently disclosed.

Reform in expenditures must be had

in both the civil, military and naval establishments in order that the national expenditures may be brought to a basis of peace and the government maintained without recourse to the taxes of war.

If it be the wish of the people that I undertake the duties of the presidency I pledge myself, with God's help, to devote all my powers and energy to the duties of this exalted office.

For Safety and Security.

Do not continue in the old way of keeping your valuables about your person or in your homes; sneak thieves and tramps will be a perpetual source of worry.

You need a safe place in which to place your valuable papers, bonds, stocks, deeds, jewels, etc.

We have just such accommodations in our modern Safe Deposit Vaults, containing boxes renting for \$5 a year upward, according to size. We also store valuables in bulk at reasonable rates.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,
303 THAMES STREET.

J. Truman Hurdick, President.

T. A. Lawton, Vice President.
H. G. Wilks, Asst. Treasurer.
J. W. H. Hammatt, Secretary.

SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT.

Incorporated A. D. 1819.

NEWPORT, R. I.

NOTICE!

Under the provisions of the Act of the General Assembly passed at the January Session 1888 amending the charter of this bank NOTICE is hereby given that in July next this bank will pay in dividends upon all deposits of two thousand dollars or less at the rate of 4 per cent, per annum and upon all in excess of two thousand dollars at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent, per annum.

All deposits for charitable purposes will be entitled to the higher rate of interest.

Newport, R. I., April 22, 1904—S. 14-104.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treasurer.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

(ILLUMINATING DEPT.)

Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

449 to 455 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

**PURE CALIFORNIA HONEY,
Hecker's Buckwheat,****AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR,
Karo Corn Syrup.**

If you are satisfied with the coffee you are using don't try our

LAKE'S CORNER BRAND.

S. S. THOMPSON,

174 to 176 BROADWAY.

FALL SEASON IN**MILLINERY**

AT

SCHREIER'S

143 Thames St.

COMPLETE STOCK

Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats

—IN—

Felt, Velvet, Chenille and Beaver.

CHOICE NOVELTIES. HEADQUARTERS FOR

Velvets, Plush, Ostrich Feathers and

Velvet Flowers.

SPECIALIES IN VEILINGS.

Everything in the line found here. As usual we lead.

WE MAKE AND PUT UP

AWNINGS

AND FURNISH

Porch Shades

OF ALL KINDS.

W. C. COZZENS & CO.,

138 Thames Street.

Discharged a Cargo of**Pittston W. A. Stove and Egg.**

An Unassisted Choice.

The members of the little family group in the library were agitated in a mild way. It was evident that they had divided on the question before them. It was quite evident, too, that the mother and daughter had united against the son and brother, and that the young man was putting up a spirited protest.

"I suppose," he cried, "I suppose I am an old fogey, just as you say, but really, mother, what's the use? I don't want to be dragged into society. I find the company of butterfly maidens and vapid youths a bore. I'm made that way and can't help it. If you wish I'll take you and Laura to Remington's ball, but don't expect me to make myself agreeable to the rest of the female contingent."

Paul Avery's tone was a decided one. The stout available-looking lady whom he addressed as mother, and the pretty girl leaning over the latter's chair, gazed at each other hopelessly.

Then the pretty girl bunched off in another direction.

"But, Paul, we want you to have a good time. If you hope in corners as if your boots pinched you and don't hustle to find partners for me you'll be wretched, and mamma and I shall feel as though we were sacrificing you. Besides, there's the loveliest new girl for you to meet."

"Only one?"

"The only one. She's very beautiful."

"Of course."

"And so accomplished."

"No doubt."

"And interesting."

The young man nodded.

"They all are," he said in his cynical way. Then he quickly added, "drop it, Laura. It's no use. If you fling away more half-fledged debutantes or newly rich heiresses, or slangy athletic girls at me, I'll shake the whole thing and turn hermit. I don't blame the girls—probably none of them will take me—but I won't have you and mother match-making on my account and making me ridiculous—as well as your charming portieres."

But the girl persisted.

"Oh, Paul, you don't understand! This girl isn't frivolous at all. Why, she is just your ideal!"

The brother laughed.

"Goose! What do you know about my ideal? I can assure you she's not to be found in society, scrambling after million favors, nor posting on the box of a four-in-hand, nor envying about in a whirlpool of fêtes and functions. No, no. You and mother are ideal enough for me, and you know you'd cry your eyes out if I deserted you for the best girl on earth. By the way, I called on Aunt Jane today. She was awfully busy. Had to get an assistant. What's up?"

"An assistant?" repeated his mother.

"Oh, yes, Jane has been appointed secretary of the new Federation of Aid Societies. She feels highly honored, but there's a mass of work to put her new office in order. Aunt Jane is a fine organizer and has executive ability, but when it comes down to small matters, I fear she has no head for detail. It's no wonder she requires an assistant. Who can it be?"

The young man chuckled.

"Of course you and Laura wouldn't know her. She can't be in your set," he remarked slyly, "but Aunt Jane kept me to lunch so we were soon quite well acquainted. Now there's a useful sensible girl—I mean young lady—for you. No affectations. Perfectly unassuming. Her name is Westburn—Miss Linda Westburn."

"Poor thing!" cried Laura suddenly, and her voice was loud enough to drown a sudden exclamation from her mother.

"Aunt Jane's executive ability comes wonderfully handy at getting work out of other people, and there's no doubt Miss Eastburn or whatever her name is, can earn her salary. Fancy those befuddled accounts to straighten—with stern Aunt Jane at her elbow, Paul, is she pretty?"

The youth paused and gazed thoughtfully into the glowing fireplace.

"I should call her fine looking," he replied. "And, really her manner was quite cultured. She must have seen more prosperous days. She was never intended for that kind of work."

The pretty sister had turned her back and was intently studying a rather uninteresting photograph on the mantel.

"Really, mama, we must call at Aunt Jane's and meet this delightful person. Maybe we can prevent auntie from giving her too hard a grind."

"Certainly, we will go, dear, only you mustn't bother your aunt about the work," replied Mrs. Avery. "But return to our first subject. I must decline your services as escort to-night, my son. As Laura says, we don't wish you to be a martyr, for our sakes, and would rather leave you to your books and solid comfort. We shall do nicely and I shall be spared the trouble of making excuses to the other chaperones for a son who won't do his ballroom duty."

"That's right, mama. We don't want an unwilling cavalier," said Laura.

Then, as the brother left the room with a laugh and playful word of thanks for his relief, she executed a brief dance on the hearth rug, ending by dinging her arms about her mother and breathlessly murmuring, "What a clever mamma! Of course we couldn't let go him go to-night!"

A few days later, when Paul Avery was shown into his aunt's library, he found the assistant at her work alone. It was not his first call since the day he had lunch with his aunt and her assistant. The complicated affairs of the Federated Charities had, in fact, absorbed most of his recent leisure. Aunt Jane, seeing his apparent interest, had not hesitated to make use of his business knowledge and good judgment and he was glad to do anything to lighten the burden which he felt must fall rather heavily on the shoulders of the faithful Miss Westburn.

He glanced eagerly toward the desk as he entered the room. The girl was leaning back in her chair in a rather weary attitude, but she smiled brightly.

"Mrs. Grant has gone to a committee meeting," she remarked. "She said if you called she'd like to have you look at these vouchers and see if they are right."

The girl resumed her work, but Paul pushed the neat pile of papers she had offered him aside.

"They can wait," he exclaimed, "but this fine afternoon won't, I intended to ask aunt to spare you for an hour, but since she is gone I shall take the responsibility of carrying you off for a little outing. My automobile is outside. You are tired and a little fresh air will do you good. I'll make it all right with my aunt."

There was a decided shake of the shapely head that bent over the pile of letters.

"You are kind," said the young woman, her pen never ceasing its journey across the page, "but it's not to be

thought of. You know I'm here on a matter of business."

"Business on such a day!" cried Paul. "Miss Westburn, have you looked out of the window? Have you noticed the sunbeam? And that smiling sky? And the tilted foliage? You don't know how exhilarating an auto trip to the park and back in less than an hour. Come."

This time the head was raised and the brown eyes gazed rather wistfully toward the sunbeam slanting through the long window.

"But your aunt," she began. "I fear she—"

"Miss Westburn, my aunt is not such a dragon—I mean tyrant—as she appears to be. I shall explain to her that I had simply organized one more club to join the federation—a charitable one or the alleviation of the sufferings of overworked assistant secretaries. And that I forced you from your post of duty by means of foresaid club."

The secretary laughed.

"Doesn't that ruffle too much of the methods of primitive man? No, I'll take all the responsibility myself. Mrs. Grant has good sense and an excellent heart and we are very good friends. I shall be ready in five minutes."

"Conscience troubling you?" asked Paul as the machine whirled over the asphalt of the boulevard.

"It hasn't time—at this reckless pace," laughed the girl. "This is life. What a splendid machine and how well you guide it."

He paused, but the averted face did not turn to him.

"Come," he went on his voice rising, "give up the struggle of a livelihood and let me make the way pleasant for you. Say yes, dear. I have thought of little else since the day I first saw you."

"But you forget," the girl murmured, "you do not know me. I am not—oh, there is Mrs. Grant's voice! She is coming here. Ask her, ask your aunt about me. Ask her if she can give me a reference."

"Well, well," panted Aunt Jane as she entered the room, "Paul, you're the very man I want to see. I've a dozen matters to consult you about."

The young man took her hand.

"Dear Aunt," he gravely said. "I've matter of the utmost importance to present to you. I have just asked Miss Westburn here to accept a position as foreign correspondent in our office when her duties with you are finished. Do you know of any reason why she is disqualified to accept it? She sends me to you for a reference—although I have no wish to ask for any."

The old lady sank into an easy chair and gave vent to a prolonged chuckle. Then, looking from the blushing cheeks of the girl to the disturbed countenance of her nephew, she spoke in tones that were almost gentle.

"You poor boy, you'd better ask for a reference for yourself. But I'm sure if the daughter of Bryant Westburn, the millionaire—"

"What?" exclaimed Paul turning to the girl with face aflush.

"Yes, Mr. Avery," said the girl, "it is true. I never meant to deceive you, but when I found that you really considered me a working girl it seemed very pleasant to be liked and admired for my very own self. I expected every day that you would learn the truth from someone else. I have been doing this work here because I am treasurer of the Federated Societies and Mrs. Grant and I found that we could lighten our labors by joining them. Even a society girl—I know of your antipathy in that direction—may have an ambition to do some useful work. It was my father's hobby to give his daughter a thorough business education and I have tried to put my knowledge to practical use."

"Sam," said he, "do I remind you in any way of Henry Clay?"

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"Well, sah," answered Sam at last, "I think yo' does, sah. Yo' breff, sah, is powful like Mr. Clay's."—Rochester Herald.

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Theodore Roosevelt.

BY HARRY GRAHAM.
("Cob de Streamer.")

Alert as bird or early worm,
Yet gifted with those courtly ways
Which connoisseurs correctly term
The "tout-à-qu'-y-de-Louis-Seize."
He reigns, by popular assent,
The People's peerless President!

Behold him! Squarely built and small,
With hands that would resemble Liberty;
Did they not forcibly recall
The contour of Fitz-Jim's nose?
Beneath whose velvet gloves you feel
The politician's grip of steel.

Accomplished as a King should be,
And as a monarch in a Czar,
To him all classes bow the knee;
In spotless Washington after;
And while his jealous rivals scowl,
He wears the smile that won't come off.

In him combined we critics find
The diplomatic skill of Choate,
Elijah Bowles' breadth of mind
And Chauncey's fund of anecdote;
He joins in the trials of Susannah
To Dr. Munyon's bedside manner.

The rugged virtues of Ulric;
He softens with a Dewey's tact;
Combining Shafter's easy grace
With all Bourke-Cochran's love of fact;
To Dudley's power of observation
He adds the charm of Currie Nation.

And since his sole delight and pride
Are exercise and open air,
His spirit abhors being tied
All day to one old chair;

The boy-toys (in the room beneath)
Can hear him grumble his sacred truths.

In summer-time he can't resist
A country gallop on his cob;
So, like a thorough altruist,
He lets another do his job;
In winter he will work all day,
But when the sun shines he makes hay.

And thus, in spite of office ties,
He manages to take a lot
Of healthy outdoor exercise,
Where other Presidents have not;
As can prove by drawing your
Attention to his "carte du jour."

At 8 a. m. he shoots a bear;
At 8 he schools a restive horse;
From 10 to 12 he takes the air;
At noon he does it all, of course.)
And then, at 1 o'clock, maybe,
Some colored man drops in to tea.

At intervals throughout the day
He sprints around the house, or if
Home is Oyster Bay,
He rides his and dries the chaff;
While singing a canary about his legs,
Or bastes beans to hide their eggs.

In martial exploits he delights,
And has no fear of War's alarms;
The helmeted, blunderbuss lights;
Since first he was born (in arms);
Like little horse, when hedges blow,
He clamps his bit and tries to neigh.

And spite of fears that foes have hurled,
No problems can his soul perplex;
Even when he was born (in arms);
Upon the duties of their sea;
Hib spoke within the wheels of Trusta.

A lion is his crest, you know,
Glorious, stooping to caress us,
With a st. of strength and a st. of grace,
Nemo impune me faciat;
His motto, as you've read already,
Semper paratus—always ready!

A Japanese Admiral.

George Dalton Morgan, who has brought from the Orient a Japanese bride, told the other day a story about the Japanese sea-fighter, Admiral Uriu.

"In Tokio," he said, "Admiral Uriu is regarded as a kind of Haroun al Raschid. They declare that he investigates personally—sometimes even in disguise—every detail of the workings of the Japanese navy. Hence, many odd adventures befall him."

"Once Admiral Uriu got wind of certain complaints that had been made against the soup served on a torpedo-boat in his squadron. He shot from his flagship in a launch one day at mid-morning, and boarded this torpedo-boat just as the sailors came from the kitchen, carrying a huge and steaming cauldron."

"Halt!" the Admiral shouted. "Set that cauldron down."

"The sailors with wondering looks obeyed."

"Now," he said, "bring me a spoon."

"An officer hurried forward."

"But Admiral—he began."

"Never mind, sir. There's a complaint from this boat, and I'm going to settle it now," said Admiral Uriu.

"He lifted the lid from the cauldron,

laded up a spoonful of its contents, and after blowing on the liquid, he swallowed it. Then he made a wry face.

"You call this soup?" he exclaimed.

"Why it's nothing but dirty water."

"Yes, sir," said one of the sailors;

"we have just been scrubbing the galley floors."

The Wily Transfer Man.

I believe more 'skins' try to do the trolley company out of a transfer on this corner than anywhere else in the city," said a man who lives in a flat at Lexington Avenue and fifty-ninth street.

"I have sat at the window many a half hour watching the slick manner in which some of them do it, and the equally clever style in which the man who hands out the transfers on the curb catches eight or ten persons an hour who are not sharp enough to steal a peanut from the pushcart of a blind man. Most of them get off with a call-down that everybody around listens to, but some men, especially if they are young, get the toe of the transfer for man's boot."

"Looks easy to fool him," said my wife the other evening, "but if you think it is why don't you go and try it."

"There was a new man on that day. I put on my hat and coat and left the house. My wife and daughter were looking on from the window. With a caution and confidence born of long watching I dodged behind an uptown car and fell in line with the passengers moving towards the transfer man on the curb."

"Come, now, move along," he said. "Supper's waiting for you in Harlem."

One for the Bishop.

The late J. A. McNeill Whistler posed every sort of count. He championed, on the other hand, many peculiar things. He believed, for instance, in cosmetics, and encouraged women always in the use of rouge, rice-powder, kohl and henna. He liked in this connection to tell about a rebuff that he once heard a young girl administer to a bishop. The bishop somehow or other discovered the young girl in the act of curling her hair with a silver rod, and he said to her, "My dear young lady, if God intended your hair to be curled, he would curl it himself."

She rejoined, "He did curl it when I was a little girl, but now that I am grown up, he thinks I am able to look after it myself."

Central Africans make a kind of sweet beer which is effervescent and tastes a good deal like champagne. It is made by mixing water and banana juice and allowing this to turn sour. It is said to be wholesome, but it is drunk only by women or children.

American Sympathy with Japan.**"Business is Business."**

One of the most interesting and extraordinary of modern international phenomena is the spontaneous and general sympathy of the American people with the Japanese in their terrible struggle with Russia. Their sympathy is not a matter of pity for the "under dog" in the combat; for whatever the disparity in size and resources between the two nations, the superior preparedness, unexpected experience, and prompt victories of the Japanese, and the distance of Russia from her source of reinforcement and supplies, soon made it appear that the smaller dog was, temporarily at least, in a superior position. The distance from base was, indeed, a tremendous contributor to the diminution of the effective power of the larger nation. In this connection we remember a remark of General Sheridan's, who said, in private conversation and with playful extravagance, that at some time in the future success in war would be determined by the result of maneuvers with regard to bases of supply; and that when one army succeeded in getting into an impregnable position with relation to supplies, the other army would throw up the sponge, without the formality of fighting at all.

FEW FRIENDS OF RUSSIA.

And yet, notwithstanding the fact, on the one hand, that there had been a genuine regard for Russia in America for many years, and the fact, on the other hand, that Russia's antagonist is of utterly alien race—under the bat in the popular mind, of "heathenism"—the sympathies of the people have gone to the "yellow man" and not to our "old friend" Russia. There are exceptions to this sentiment. One of our poets has broken into song in sympathy with the peace-loving Czar and his people; and now and then a voice is raised in protest against our "bluffness" in not seeing that where the Japanese go they are able to do all the necessary business, to the competitive exclusion of Occidentals.

RUSSIANS ARE SHOCKED.

Our Russian friends are openly surprised and genuinely shocked at the manifestations of what they regard as most unexpected ingratitude. They point to the historical fact of a friendly Russian fleet in Northern waters during our civil war; to our amicable acquisition, from Russia or Alaska; to all that has been said in America of a certain fateful likeness between the American and the Russian emancipator; to the fact that American travelers are cordially received in Russia, and come away with glowing stories of Russian courtesy and hospitality. They point to prominent Russian-trained in America, and to American machinery welcomed in Russia. They remember that the Czar's noble part in the initiation of the Peace Tribunal of The Hague was warmly commended in America, and has been fittingly housed by an American. They can not make it out, our supposedly turning away from them in their hour of trial.

LOATHING OF OPPRESSION.

As offsetting any considerations of friendly sentiment, Americans have learned to look with loathing upon an administrative system which permits such tyrannical practices as are typified by Siberia. Americans abominate political assassination, but they detest secret and cruel suppression. Americans have also heard much of the oppression of the Jews in Russia. They cannot help remembering Poland, and they cannot deafen their ears to the cries of Finland. They may be misinformed on these subjects, but they have taken some pains to learn the truth, the result is that they behold, or believe that they behold, a "crushing" uniformity,—"to use the phrase of a distinguished student of Russian affairs—bearing down upon the various people that come under the Russian yoke, with a sudden and unfeeling weight; inflicting needless and unending suffering. Now and again an image haunts our minds of that frightful shape of Kipling's imagination—"the bear that walks like a man."

CORRIDORE PERRY'S ACHIEVEMENT.

"Under this Muddle Tomb lies ye body of Hon. John Custis, Esq.—City of Williamsburg, and Parish of Bruton—formerly of Hunger's Parish on the Eastern Shore of Virginia—County of Northampton, the place of his nativity, aged 70 years, yet lived but Seven Years, which was the space of time he kept a Bachelor's House at Arlington."

"On the other side of the tomb," said Mr. Riley, "these words were carved apologetically:

"This inscription put on this Tomb by his own Positive Order."

A Japanese War Story.

Lafcadio Hearn, the American writer resident in Japan, said in a recent letter apropos of the Japanese War: "My friends here have no fear of Russia. The thought of war excites them to peasant laughter. Over our sake the other night your old acquaintance Mutsu told a Japanese war story that you may think interesting."

"The third son of a samurai," he said, "boasted of his prowess."

"What deeds did you do in the last battle?" asked his friends.

"I went up boldly to one of the enemy," the young man replied, "and I cut off his feet."

"His feet?" said the friends of the samurai's son. "Why his feet? Why did you not cut off his head?"

"Oh," said the youth, "his head was off already."

Is it Possible?

Gus—Introduce me to that lovely creature over there.

Charlie—with pleasure. (Introduces him.) Mr. Gustave Livers, allow me to introduce you to your wife.

Why, Gus, I am glad to see you! Where have you been these last four years?

I like positive men," said Senator Davis, the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate. "Boys, to reach their destination, should begin to climb while they are growing. The golden apples of success are in the hands of the climber before the other fellow has had time to find a ladder."

Many are asking me, 'Do you expect to win?' And I never tire telling the story of that man who was burdened with a trunk and wanted to reach the station in a hurry. Here, said a villager, 'is an abandoned tunnel, pass through it and you will come out opposite the station and have time to catch your train.'

The stranger peered through the tunnel, but the hole at the other end was so small that he doubted his ability to pass through it. He took a circuitous route. When he reached the station the train had gone. The time waiting for the next train was devoted to a contemplation of the tunnel's big opening, and the burden of the man's soliloquy was:

"I would have come out all right; but the outlook was so discouraging that I wouldn't make the start."

Ex-Congressman Lafe Pence tells a story of an old lady who always knew everything before anybody else. One day her niece saw her passing the house and ran out to meet her.

"Do come in, Aunty," she begged, "and help us. We are making charader."

"Certainly I will," answered the old lady. "I knew you were making them, because I smell them as I came along."

One thing I do not like about Nero," said the human torch as the flames curled about his ankles, "is his habit of making light of serious subjects."—Judge.

"Would you marry a man because he was rich?" asked the romantic girl. "No," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I might refuse to marry one because he wasn't."—Washington Star.

Wise in his Generation.

Mrs. Browne looked across the breakfast table to where her husband sat, dividing his attention between his beefsteak and his morning paper.

"My dear," she said nervously, "I am worried sick about Phyllis."

"Eh? What's that?" ejaculated her husband, looking up suddenly.

"About Phyllis, you know," Mrs. Brown repeated. "I can't do a thing with the child."

"She never would come to her meals in time," retorted Mrs. Brown, easily, as she again directed his attention to his paper. "It's a poor time to begin to worry about it now, my love."

"It isn't that," returned his wife. "It's the way she looks. The child is scarcely sixteen, and it's something dreadful. I can almost put my two hands around her waist, and every day she draws herself in smaller and smaller. I have tried every argument I could think of to make her stop, but I might as well talk to a wooden image for all the impression my words make."

"What have you said to her?" Phyllis's father asked.

"Said to her? Well, as I told you, I have used every argument available. I told her she was ruining her figure and making herself weak of buck; that she could not breath properly and was probably paving a way for consumption; that at any rate she was injuring her entire constitution and laying up life-long misery and a probable surgical treatment for herself. There was scarcely a thing I did not say."

"Just like a woman," replied the father of Phyllis with a grim. "Just leave Phyllis to me, my dear."

Mrs. Brown seemed about to protest, but at that moment the swish of Phyllis's skirts was heard on the stairs, and she forbore to speak.

As his daughter entered Mr. Browne glanced casually up to say good morning; then he looked at her rather sharply.

"Is it very cold out this morning, Phyllis?" he inquired.

"Why, I don't know, papa; I haven't been out yet."

"No?" said her father in a surprised tone. "You look as though you had just returned from an invigorating walk."

"How funny you are, papa. You know I never go out before breakfast," Phyllis replied.

Her father made no further remark, but Phyllis noticed that he glared at her quizzically several times as the breakfast progressed, and somehow she felt uncomfortable under his glance.

"Phyllis, my dear," he said gravely during a pause in the conversation, "I hope you are not getting into the habit of drinking champagne and wine when you are out with other young people. You know, my dear, your mother and I have always been most particular about it."

"Heaven, father! What is the matter this morning? I never touch a drop of anything except water and tea and coffee when I am out with anyone or anywhere!"

"I beg your pardon, my dear," Mr. Browne returned humbly, and having hastily finished her breakfast and left the room, Mr. Browne inquired quite audibly of his wife:

"What on earth makes Phyllis's nose so red of late? She looks, as though she had come out of a northeaster this morning."

And the mother of Phyllis, who was not at all stupid, and who noticed, moreover, that the castles of Phyllis's skirts on the stairs had suddenly ceased, returned in the most casual, but perfectly distinct tones: "Well, Harold, I don't think the child indulges at all. But she does lace so terribly. I tell her—"

But Phyllis's skirts had suddenly swished up the remainder of the stairs, and her mother did not bother to complete the sentence.

A few moments later, when Mrs. Browne went upstairs, she found her daughter gazing at herself anxiously in the mirror.

"Mother do you think my nose is growing red?" Phyllis inquired.

"Oh, my dear, did you overhear that? Well—your father said that it was quite noticeable this morning."

When she next saw Phyllis, Mrs. Browne had the satisfaction of noting that her daughter's waistline had expanded fully two inches; a fact which proved that Mr. Browne was a man wise in his generation and one who understood the feminine mind.

This man," he said, "is so absent-minded that once he walked along for a quarter of a mile in the gutter instead of on the sidewalk. He would have kept on in the gutter indefinitely had not the polished back of a brougham, that was drawn up before a shop, brought him to a halt."

The mathematician stopped within a foot of the brougham. He looked at the black, smooth, lustrous surface before him, and it suggested to his mind a blackboard. Accordingly he drew a piece of chalk from his pocket and began to work out an abstruse problem.

"On and on he worked, covering the carriage with figures, until finally it started off. Still working, the mathematician followed it; he held on to the body with his left hand, and not until the pace became too quick for him did he realize that something was wrong. Then he sighed, looked about him in a dazed way, pocketed the chalk, and started home-ward."

Newport County Fair.

CONTINUED FROM FOURTH PAGE.

Hypnot Crab—Benjamin C. Sherman.
King—Com. L. Borden.
Peek's Pleasant—1st, Henry W. Almy; 2d, William F. May.
Collection—1st, H. A. C. Taylor.
Haw—2d, William C. Main.
PEARS.

Bartlett—1st, William Thomas.
Belle Lucretia—1st, W. R. Sherman.
Beurre Clariégeau—1st, H. A. C. Taylor; 2d, E. G. Macomber; com., William Brayton.
Beurre Boisé—1st, J. L. Borden; 2d, Manuel Delovert.
Beurre D'Anjou—1st, H. C. Sherman.
Beurre—1st, B. C. Sherman; 2d, E. I. Macomber.
Kieffer—1st, B. C. Sherman; 2d, E. P. Sherman; com., J. C. Almy.
Louis-Bonne—1st, Mrs. Joseph L. Chase.
Sheston—1st, B. C. Sherman.
Skefford—1st, William Thomas; 2d, Jacob Almy.
Almy—1st, S. L. Almy.
Souvenir de Congress—1st, H. C. Sherman; 2d, J. H. Barker.
Pleasant Beauty—1st, H. A. C. Taylor.
Duchess—1st, D. C. Sherman; 2d, H. A. C. Taylor.
Violet—1st, H. C. Almy.
Violet de Valenciennes—Jacqueline Almy.
Litchfield—1st, Jacob Almy; 1st, Chester Heley.
Manzings Elizabeth—1st, Chester Heley.
Winter Nella—1st, Chester Heley.
Japan—1st, H. C. Almy.
White—1st, Chester Heley.
Barker—1st, Lydia Barker.
Lavender—2d, E. G. Macomber.

PEACHES.

Alberta—1st, Miss E. A. Chase.
Crosby—1st, T. J. Sweet; 2d, E. G. Macomber; com., John Eddle.
Crawford Late—1st, E. P. Stinson.
Unknown—2d, B. C. Sherman.

Morris White—1st, E. G. Macomber; 2d, B. C. Sherman.

Champion of the World—1st, H. A. C. Taylor.

Champion—2d, John Harrington.

QUINCES.

Much Prolific—1st, Jacob Almy.

Pear Quince—1st, John Eddle.

Natum Green—com., William Brayton.

Orange—1st, William Thomas; 2d, Joseph Anthony.

Champion—Com., B. C. Sherman.

PLUMS.

Satsuma—1st, J. L. Borden.

GRAPES.

Concord—1st, T. J. Sweet; 2d, B. C. Sherman.

Muscadine—1st, B. C. Sherman.

Napa—1st, A. P. Barker.

Black Hamburg—1st, A. P. Barker.

SMALL FRUITS.

Everbearing Raspberries—1st, E. B. Ayler.

Blackberries—1st, Mrs. Joseph L. Chase.

Black Walnut—1st, J. L. Borden.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

CLASS 8.

Knitted Dollies—1st, Sadie Green.

Knitted Bedspreads—1st, Mrs. Tosse; 2d, Mrs. Lilian M. Healey.

Rug Rug—1st, Miss Delta Almy; 2d, Miss Lydia Peabody.

Up-and-Downs—1st, Mrs. H. F. Brownell; 2d, Miss Helen Wilcox.

Knitted Woollen Mittens—1st, Mrs. Sarah Sherman; 2d, Mrs. B. F. Borden.

Infant's Sack—1st, Mrs. Isaac Chase; 2d, Mrs. Barney.

Infant's Stockings(Knit)—1st, Mrs. John Melville; 2d, Mrs. Lucy Dimmick.

Infant's Stockings(Crochet)—1st, Mrs. Barney; 2d, Miss E. Lillian Smith.

Crochet Tidy—1st, Mrs. Jason Gifford; 2d, Mrs. T. C. Malu.

Bed Socks—1st, Miss C. L. Gibson.

Knitted Stock—1st, Miss Lydia Peabody; 2d, Mrs. Anna C. Peabody.

Crochet Shawl—1st, Mrs. H. F. Brownell; 2d, Mrs. P. A. Coggshall.

Knit Hood—1st, Mrs. John Melville.

Crochet Hood—1st, Mrs. H. F. Gifford.

Knitted Shirt—1st, Mrs. Phiney; 2d, Mrs. J. A. Peabody.

Up-and-Down—Miss E. Lillian Smith.

Table Mats (crochet)—1st, Mrs. T. C. Main; 2d, Mrs. Ira Love.

Crochet Handkerchief—1st, Miss E. Lillian Smith; 2d, Miss Marwanig.

Crochet Slippers—1st, Miss Isaac Chase.

Knit Slippers—1st, Mrs. S. A. Carter; 2d, Miss Mary.

Knitted Edging—1st, Miss Little M. Sherman; 2d, Miss Grace Manchester.

Crochet Lace—1st, Miss Little Sherman; 2d, Miss A. M. Carr.

Lamp Mat (crochet)—1st, Miss Helen Sherman; 2d, Mrs. H. F. Brownell.

Crochet Dress—1st, Mrs. J. J. Peckham; 2d, Miss Grace Underwood.

Knitted Dolly—1st, Miss Nadie Greene.

Crochet Centrepiece—1st, Mrs. George Carter; 2d, Miss Mary H. Brown.

Crochet Yoke—1st, Miss Josephine Brazil; 2d, Mrs. Amelia Silva.

Crochet Needwork—1st, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman; 2d, Mrs. Parker Sherman.

GATTE.

CLASS B.

Dutch Belt, Yearling Helfer, Cross—1st and 2d, P. F. Murphy.

Hair Calf—1st, D. J. Murphy; 2d, N. Green.

Calf (pears)—1st, N. Green.

Jersey Bull (1 year)—1st, N. Green.

Yearling—2d, A. J. Bowden.

Pairs of Steers (years)—1st, H. C. Oshorn, Jr.

Jersey Bull, Native—1st, William A. Ghose; 2d, P. F. Murphy.

Jersey Bull (2 years)—George I. Anthony.

Jersey Bull (3 years)—John Culver.

Jersey Bull (4 years)—Mrs. Borden.

Jersey Bull (5 years)—Mrs. Borden.

Jersey Bull (6 years)—Mrs. Borden.

Jersey Bull (7 years)—Mrs. Borden.

Jersey Bull (8 years old)—Mrs. Borden.

Jersey Bull (9 years old)—Mrs. Borden.

Jersey Bull (10 years old)—Mrs. Borden.

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Jersey Bull (89 years old)—Mrs